

slice of ice

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slice of ice

by [Drhair76](#)

Summary

And it's that word, Wilbur's last name, Schlatt's word – the one that he says all soft and gentle and careful and affectionate, twisted into something that cuts– that clues him in to who's speaking. Jared. Jared was speaking and he had Wilbur's phone, and he –

or, ask a question about the ice universe in the comments and get a drabble as an answer :)

...

latest update:

"Q," Sapnap murmurs. "Lean this way."

Notes

hiii this is basically a Drabble series for the ice to water universe, but here's the twist, it's powered by you. yes, YOU! you leave a comment asking a question about the characters or dynamics or situations and I will respond with a Drabble :) when I run out of questions, the fic ends LOL ok here we go

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

schlatt's biggest fear

What is Ice! Schlatt's biggest fear?

It's one of the rare times that Schlatt misses a call.

He's trying to cook. And the key word here is *trying*. Of course that means that it isn't fucking working because George gave him a recipe that was seven pages longer than he was used to, and was full of all sorts of utensils and shit that he's never even heard of.

Like, who in the world *blends their own sauce*? How does George even have the patience for this?

Schlatt was actually just giving up on wrestling with his microwave air fryer when he happened to glance at his phone screen.

One missed call, one voice mail – Wilbur

Three missed calls, two voice mails – Techno

One missed call, one voice mail – George

Schlatt stares at the screen, something cold and slimy curling through his gut. When he reaches to click the button to listen – George's voicemail first, because he's a *coward* and always has been and will *always* run when things get hard – his hands are shaking.

Schlatt, George says immediately, wasting no time. He sounds in a rush, like he's been running. *Schlatt, I don't know where you are, and I don't know what you're doing, but I need you to answer Techno's calls and get to the hospital quick, Wilbur's –*

Schlatt clicks the *next* button without thinking, his heart still in his chest.

When Techno speaks, he sounds frantic – *Schlatt, I need you to – yeah, yeah that's Shubble's number, yeah – Schlatt, I need you to call me back, okay? As soon as you hear this I need you to dial me. I don't want you to – I need you to –* He huffs; equal parts frustration and worry. *Just — call me back. The second you can. Or text me and I'll call you. Just – just don't pick up Wil's voice-mail, okay? Just don't.*

Schlatt clicks again. He stares for a second, brain slow. His eyes rise up to Wilbur's name on his screen, and he swallows.

He's about to click when his screen flashes blue, and Tommy's picture blinks at him. It's one of the ones that Q snapped of him when they were at the store together – Tommy's bundled in Schlatt's flannel, his hands tucked in the pockets, with Wilbur's beanie covering his hair. His cheeks are glowing under the department store lights and what is no doubt the leftover evidence of their affection. It's a warm picture and a happy memory – which is why it's so

horrible to look at as the phone rings and rings and rings. It buzzes in Schlatt's hand, almost shaking him to pick up.

He doesn't, and the call drops. And then, not a minute later, he has a new notification.

One missed call, one voice mail - Tommy

He presses play.

Schlatt? Tommy's voice is horribly shaky, and wet, and fucking *scared*. *Schlatt, please – I don't know where you are and – and everyone is here, and Techno's trying to call you, and – please. Please, Schlatt, Wil's hurt. He's – he's hurt badly. I need – he needs you. Please. Please come.*

The voice mail ends, and Schlatt can't possibly think of heeding George's warnings as he clicks on Wilbur's. The only thing he's thinking is *Wilbur needed me, Wilbur needed me, Wilbur needed me* and he wasn't fucking *there*.

He clicks play, and a voice that isn't Wilbur's comes tumbling out.

This is the one, yeah? The voice is muffled, away from the speaker, like they're asking someone else the question. But the tone is weird – it's aggressive and mocking. *This is the one you're all buddy-buddy with, right, Soot?*

And it's that word, Wilbur's last name, *Schlatt's* word – the one that *he* says all soft and gentle and careful and affectionate, twisted into something that cuts– that clues him in to who's speaking. Jared. Jared was speaking and he had Wilbur's phone, and he –

There's a muffled noise, then a yelp of pain, and then Jared is going *right, Soot?* More pointed, more aggressive.

Yeah, comes Wilbur's voice, shaky and distant and as if he's given up. Schlatt wonders how long he's been fighting to get to this point. How long he needed someone – how long he needed *Schlatt* – and he wasn't there to help. *Yeah, that's – that's him.*

Wow, Jared goes, in mock awe, *didn't even pick up your call. After all this time, you still couldn't find people who give a shit about you, huh Soot?*

Wilbur is quiet. Schlatt turns into flames.

Ah well, whatever. None of my business. I just called to tell you, Schlatt, that you're really missing out here. I mean, you guys treat Soot with so much care and respect, but listen to this
—

There's shifting and then a thud and a sharp, pained whine. It drops suddenly into a muffled whimper, as if Wilbur's curled away from the pain and tried tucking himself smaller.

Ah, Jared laughs, delighted. *Music to my fucking ears. You guys have this all to yourselves and you're just – what? Letting it go to waste? Suit yourselves, I guess, but to be honest, this is the most fun I've had in weeks. Don't worry though, I'll leave him right where I found him*

– *maybe a bit more...broken. He's just so much fun. Wouldn't you like that, Soot? Just like old times? What do you say?*

Horribly, Wilbur doesn't play along. *Please* , he begs, *please, Schlatt, help* –

There's another loud sound and then Wilbur is wheezing and gasping. *That isn't it, Soot.* Jared goes firmly. *What. Do. You. Say.*

Yes! Yes, thank you! Wilbur gasps, fighting for air. *Thank you!*

Schlatt can *hear* the grin in Jared's voice when he speaks next.

Good boy. Wilbur gasps like he's been given his air back and Jared chuckles to himself. *Well, since you are clearly busy, I'm gonna have a bit more fun here. I hope you don't mind. I'm sure you can find him later. If you...you know, care at all.*

And then the line clicks, and Schlatt is left standing in his empty apartment, with the taste of blood in his mouth.

techno's favorite memory with Tommy

Chapter Summary

"Do you like it?" Techno asks, and Tommy blinks up at him. He frowns a little, going back to squint at the pot. Techno waits patiently.

Chapter Notes

ONE HUNDRED COMMENTS??? ARE YALL CRAZY? goodlordddd

anyway, this is more drabble sized, here u go ^__^ bedrock bros

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

What is ice!Technoblades favorite memory with ice!Tommy?

"I don't really... *get* it," Tommy says, and Techno just barely resists the urge to smile.

They're sitting across from each other, a messy table in front of them, piled with tools and two misshapen pots. Tommy's hands are covered in wet grey clay, just like Techno's, and he's got the most adorable furrowed brow as he studies his pot like it's a math equation.

It takes a moment for Techno to reply, because he's almost choked up with pride. Here Tommy is, trying something that he's never done before, and doing not *too* badly, but not *perfectly*, and he's just – *okay*. He's not ducking or flinching or *apologizing* for his lopsided piece of pottery, he's simply *doing* it and trying to get better because *he* wants to. In fact, he hasn't even looked at Techno *once* after finishing his first spin – not for approval or wary of disapproval – and Techno couldn't be more happy about it.

"Do you like it?" Techno asks, and Tommy blinks up at him. He frowns a little, going back to squint at the pot. Techno waits patiently.

A slow, hesitant smile creeps across Tommy's face.

"I think so," he says, cheeks pink. "Yes. I like it."

"Then there you go," Techno nudges his ankle under the table. "You did it."

Tommy blinks once owlishly. "Oh. Oh, I did it."

Techno smiles, and then Tommy bends back over his pot, his tongue poking from between his teeth.

"I want it to be better," he declares stubbornly. Techno laughs heartily.

...

Later that week, there are two colorful misshapen pots side by side on Techno's kitchen shelf, proudly displayed. One, signed Techno, and the other, signed Tommy.

Chapter End Notes

extra: most of ice!Tommy's instances with art are due to techno - ice!techno writes poetry and prose when he isn't playing hockey and so tommy loves sitting and listening to him read his work. OR taking trips with him to art museums, just the two of them :) tommy doesn't have many opinions on art, but he loves being with techno!!

a new experience for tommy

Chapter Summary

"I was...angry," Tommy starts tentatively, gaze flickering up from his hands to George's patient expression and back. "Because I was trying to talk and I kept getting talked over."

Chapter Notes

:D

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

What was something ice!tommy never got to try/experience until he met SMP?

Tommy's never been an angry person.

Honestly, when he thinks about it, he isn't quite sure *what* kind of person he used to be – happy maybe? Relaxed? Maybe excitable? He doesn't think he was a sad person. At least, he *hopes* that he wasn't as sad as he used to be. He doesn't really remember now.

But what he *knows* is that he was never an angry person. He wasn't prone to outbursts or yelling. His parents taught him that talking through issues was the best way to resolve something and he still believes that.

He was, though, prone to frustration.

Figure skating is a taxing sport, and it takes a lot of concentration and effort to get right. And Tommy's coach didn't like things to be anything less than perfect. So often, Tommy would fall out of a jump, or go sprawling onto the ice, with his chest heaving and a curl to his lip, because he's *frustrated* at not being good enough.

That would be a *good* kind of frustration, because it was the kind that made Tommy spring back up onto his skates and immediately try again without his coach even needing to prompt him. His coach liked it when Tommy took initiative, and Tommy hated feeling inadequate. It was a good match for a while.

And then everything got harder.

Suddenly, it wasn't just the jumps and the choreography that Tommy needed to perfect, it was *everything else*. And suddenly, it wasn't just two or three days a week, it was four, five, six. Suddenly, Tommy was always tired and always *wrong*, and *never good enough*.

"This isn't *fair*," Tommy snapped once, fed up. "I'm *trying*, and you're just –"

"I'm just *what*." His coach said, voice like a hand on a hilt to a blade about to sink into Tommy's gut. Tommy hesitates, sliding back slightly, the words dying in his throat. "No, no, go on. Keep *going*."

Tommy was someone who was prone to frustration, and then he wasn't. And it's as simple as that.

...

SMP are a loud bunch. This isn't necessarily a *bad* thing – most times, Tommy enjoys their rowdy nature, likes hiding in their volume – but sometimes, it can be a bit...much.

Especially when you're trying to *talk* amongst them.

Tommy never had a group of friends as large as them. Six people always trying to express themselves across the table at each other. Tommy's practice in learning when to jump into a conversation is *very* minimal. So he isn't heard the first time. And when he tries the second time, Schlatt talks over him, teasing Sapnap for something. And then the third time, *George* talks over him, and –

Well, Tommy starts to feel an unfamiliar swirl of *something* in his gut.

His lips press together and a heat builds inside of him – not humiliation, Tommy knows that well enough to recognize it – but something deeper.

"Can *I* say something?" He snaps, and the table quiets, six pairs of eyes finding him. As soon as they do, he shrinks back in his chair, horrified. His hands come up to cover his mouth, and all that heat flushes away, leaving him cold with fear. "Oh God, I'm– I'm sorry, I don't know where that – I didn't mean it. Sorry."

There's a pause in which Schlatt looks at Wilbur and Wilbur tilts his head and Sapnap looks at George and George narrows his eyes. No one speaks, and no one moves, and the longer the silence goes on, the more horror shocked Tommy feels.

"You're upset," George notes, and it's in that clinical, dispassionate way that he has of speaking about things that makes Tommy relax. It means that George is figuring something out. That George will soon understand what's going on and *explain* it to Tommy.

"No," Tommy says immediately. "No, I'm not – I'm fine."

"Are you *sure*?" Techno asks, frowning a little. "You seemed...angry there." Tommy's eyes widen, and Techno adds, "which is okay, you know. It's okay to get angry."

"I –" Tommy's throat catches. *I'm not*, he wants to say, but he isn't letting himself. "I don't –"

"Tommy," George says. Tommy's eyes swing over to him. "Tommy, are you angry with me?"

Tommy's mouth is dry, but George's expression is plain, with just the slightest wrinkle in between his brows. He's waiting, he's listening, he's not telling Tommy off, he's just –

He's just *asking*.

"I...I think so." Tommy says slowly. Hesitantly. "I think – a little bit. Is that okay?"

"Of course. Can I ask you why you're upset with me?" George asks. "I want to know why so I can avoid doing it in the future. If you don't feel comfortable, you don't have to tell me right now, but it upsets me that I did something to hurt your feelings, so I would like the chance to fix it."

Tommy likes it when George talks like this. He's careful, and lays out everything so clearly so that Tommy knows there isn't any traps and tricks in the next interaction. So that Tommy knows that whatever he says next won't be twisted and taken the wrong way. So that Tommy *has* outs and is *allowed* to say *no*, *I don't want to talk about it right now*, and not be punished for it.

"I was...angry," Tommy starts tentatively, gaze flickering up from his hands to George's patient expression and back. "Because I was trying to talk and I kept getting talked over."

George nods slowly. "That makes sense. That's a perfectly understandable thing to be upset about. I'm sorry that I talked over you, I'll try not to do it again."

And the fear crawling through Tommy disappears.

...

"Schlatt," Tommy says, voice strong. "I'm upset."

Schlatt, sitting on the couch, checking the Empire game stats, looks up. "Oh yeah? What happened, kid? What's got you worked up?"

"I went to the store today," he starts, walking back and forth over the rug, "and I wasn't out for that long, because I just wanted to get those pretzels that Olive likes, but there was this kid at the store who knew me. And so he wanted a picture. We took the picture, and then when his mother goes to thank me, she says that I've gotten *worse* than I used to be."

Schlatt's hand curls tighter over his phone. "Ah," he goes.

Tommy looks at him, wavering a little. "Am I ...can I be mad about it, or –"

"Yes, kid," Schlatt says, rocking forward and standing. "Yes, you're allowed to be mad about that. Tom, I'm *pissed for you*. Other than the fact that she doesn't know what the fuck she's talking about, she had the audacity to say it *after* you took a photo with the kid."

Tommy frowns. "I wasn't gonna say no to the kid, Schlatt."

"You should of."

"Sch- *latt*."

"K- *id*."

Tommy laughs softly, curling his arms over his stomach. Schlatt watches him fondly, and isn't even shocked when he leans forward so he's in Schlatt's arms.

"I'm tired," Tommy says plainly. "Being angry is exhausting."

"You're telling me – " Schlatt cards a hand through Tommy's hair. "Want to take a nap?"

"Yes please," Tommy says, voice muffled by Schlatt's sweatshirt. "Next time you come with me to the store so you can say curse words at the evil old women."

Schlatt laughs loudly, placing a palm to Tommy's back so not to jostle him. "Of course, kid, whatever you say."

Chapter End Notes

that last bit is set in the future when Tommy and olive live together ^__^

Wilbur's first impression of olive

Chapter Summary

Wilbur smiles. "Hi," he goes, reaching out a hand to Olive, who's nervous furrow of the brow eases. "I'm Wilbur, it's nice to meet you."

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

What was ice!Wilbur's first reaction to ice!Olive?

"They're very nice," Tommy says again, maybe for the third time in the past ten minutes, "and I really like them, so –"

"I hear you, Tommy," Wilbur interrupts gently, craving his neck to peek out of the driver's window as he waits to make a left turn. "I know. They're important to you. I'm not going to ...do anything to upset them. I wouldn't."

"No, I know!" Tommy exclaims. "I just – I don't want you to go all... *Wilbur* on them."

Wilbur blinks. He tears his eyes away from the road to Tommy's sheepish expression. "I – *what*? Why are you using my name as a verb? What –"

"You do this thing sometimes," Tommy starts hesitantly, picking at his red sweater sleeve, "where you sort of... *glare*."

Wilbur splutters. "I don't– *what*?"

"You glare, Wilbur," Tommy repeats. His lip twists up a little. "And it's *fine*, I think I *get* it, but – well, you don't have to. Not with Olive."

Wilbur gapes slightly, fixing his eyes back on the view ahead of him, the sight of the rink coming into view. He resents the accusation. He doesn't *glare*. He's *nice and polite* whenever he meets new people. Maybe he doesn't look at them when the same gentle fondness that he looks at *Tommy* with, but –

Well, how can he be blamed for that? It's *Tommy*.

"Promise me?" Tommy asks, and just a quick glance at him reveals just how important this is to him. He's all wide worried eyes, and folded hands and it tugs at Wilbur's heart in a way that he's sure the kid doesn't even realize he's doing. It reminds Wilbur of just how shaky

Tommy *was* when coming up to him and saying that he wanted his two best friends in the whole world to meet.

"I promise I won't glare," Wilbur relinquishes, pulling the car into the parking spot. Tommy's shoulders slump like he's just lost a great bit of tension, but it bounces back when he realizes that they're actually here. "Are you ready?"

"I'm supposed to be asking you," Tommy says, wringing his hands slightly. Wilbur tsks lightly, reaching across the dash to replace Tommy's other hand with his own.

"I look out for you, Tommy."

Tommy sighs, but squeezes Wilbur's hand gently. After a moment, he spots someone pacing back and forth in front of the building, their long braid swinging, and *their* hands wringing just like Tommy's were.

"Olive," Tommy breathes, then in a flash, he's letting go of Wilbur's hand and sliding out of the passenger seat, just barely remembering to grab his gym bag before the door shuts.

Wilbur blinks, then sighs, and follows him out, turning the car off and locking the doors. He steps around the vehicle, and is met with the sight of Olive's Tommy expression.

Wilbur has this...theory of sorts. It's a quiet theory, not something that he's told anyone about yet, because he finds it fascinating to ponder over it and watch it unfold in front of him. But the theory is: everyone that meets Tommy develops this patented *Tommy expression*.

It's this look of excitement and love and fondness upon seeing him that blooms over their face. Wilbur's seen it from Techno, from Eret, from Niki. He's even seen it from Connor, who softens ever so slightly when Tommy peeks out from behind them at the shelter.

Olive has one too, and it's very, *very* clear, with the smile that stretches and the eyes that glitter as they embrace as if they haven't seen each other in so long. And when they pull away, Wilbur catches the barest glimpse of what he could probably dub as Tommy's Olive expression. This pleased flush of the cheeks, this humming quiet joy inside of him.

Oh, Wilbur thinks. Oh. This isn't just Tommy's best friend, this is Tommy's Schlatt.

To Wilbur, Schlatt is a million things: an anchor, a safe haven, a bubble of joy. If Olive is that for Tommy, then –

Wilbur smiles. "Hi," he goes, reaching out a hand to Olive, who's nervous furrow of the brow eases. "I'm Wilbur, it's nice to meet you."

Olive takes the hand, smiling shyly. "Hi, I'm Olive."

And in between the two of them, Tommy's grin just gets wider.

:(ice!olive <3

sick ice!Tommy

Chapter Summary

“I’ve got to.” Tommy mumbles. “I’ve – I can’t stop? What am I if I stop?”

“You, Tommy.” Q whispers fervently. “You’re you. You’re not his, please.”

What would happen if ice!tommy got sick?

Tommy’s sick.

He knows before he even opens his eyes. It’s down in his bones: there’s an echoing ache that passes through him, and somehow, even as he’s laying down he feels the need to sway. When he actually does open his eyes, they sting, and when he tries pulling himself up, his bones protest.

He pushes through it. It always starts this way – every movement feels like he’s pushing through sludge, like he is a car dry without oil, and his head is heavy like a dumbbell pulling him backwards. He desperately wants to sleep.

He can’t. And honestly, he hasn’t been able to for two years now.

You’re telling me, that on the night of the Olympic free skate, if you get the sniffles, you will throw away four years of training? His coach and his raised eyebrow float vaguely in Tommy’s head. *You will throw away four of my years? Wow. I was unaware you were so selfish, snowflake.*

Tommy shivers, and it has nothing to do with his feverish temperature. Practicing while sick will only make him more resilient. He’ll be stronger for it. Every time that he has to get up and go skate when he feels unwell makes him better for the next. When they get to the Olympics in two years, Tommy will be without flaw.

And besides, take a break? When there are so many replacements out there perfectly able to take his place without complaint?

There are a million like you out there, his coach said, tone disapproving, *you are nothing special. I’m what makes you special, and if you don’t work when I tell you to, I’ll just go find someone else to work on.*

So Tommy, when his head is heavy and his limbs are stuck and his chest is caving, pushes himself along, because he hasn’t earned a break. So Tommy, even when he can barely see

straight, does triple lutz after triple lutz, because his coach told him to. So Tommy, nauseous and light-headed, skates, because that is what he was made for.

...

There's something wrong.

Techno can feel it. He doesn't think that he's remiss to believe that he's gained a bit of a second sense when it comes to his boys. He's been with them for a while now, since the very beginning, watching them all grow into themselves and watching them warm up to each other, and trying his best not to betray just how tightly they have him wrapped around their fingers. Phil is constantly laughing about how much Techno is turning into a mini him, and every time it happens, Techno groans like he's embarrassed but knows that he couldn't be more pleased.

But also, him turning into a mini-Phil leads to times like these. Where he comes down to breakfast at the Olympic cafe and can feel that something is off just by the air around his teammates. He takes to scrutinizing them quietly, watching the way that Wilbur sleepily leans into Schlatt's side and that George tugs his plate back from Sapnap's greedy hands. The way Quackity, bundled in blankets yawns so his teeth pokes out and blinks at them all, still only half cognisant.

They're fine, he thinks to himself. They're okay. Stop worrying.

And then Tommy comes downstairs.

He looks like he's in a daze almost as he makes his way down. His blue eyes are cloudy, and he's missing his usual skates and bag, which ordinarily would make Techno do an internal cheer, but now –

“Morning, Tommy,” he says, watching carefully as the kid shuffles in to sit quietly at Wilbur's side. “You alright?”

Tommy blinks, looking over, reaction just a tad slow. His cheeks are flushed, Techno realized, as if he's too warm. But, as per an unfortunate usual, his hands are still shaking. At least, that Techno can see from under his sweater sleeves.

“You gonna get something to eat, sunshine?” Wilbur frowns, pulling away from Schlatt to tuck in near Tommy. He curves like a cat, giving his full attention to the boy, who seems lulled. It's almost as if the contact makes Tommy more tired.

He shakes his head.

Techno subtly puts a hand up and Wilbur doesn't push, not that he was going to anyway, but he could see Sapnap shifting out of the corner of his eye. George's eyes dance from Techno to Tommy quickly before he starts a new conversation, drawing everyone in and giving them an excuse to pretend that they're all not watching the way that Tommy sips his water.

This , Techno decides, *is weird*. Recently, Tommy's been opening up to them, letting them in, letting them care, so it's confusing that he's just... shut down. Maybe something happened last night that Techno didn't notice? Or maybe it was one of the many times that he's just not there because he's actually at the Olympics trying to win gold and can't physically split himself in two to help Tommy. Either way, it tugs at him, almost painfully so.

He keeps an eye out though, because that's his job, even nudging a power bar at him then wincing when the boy spills his water and flushes way too red and apologizes way too much. They're all trying to ignore it – to allow him to remember that he can come to them – but eventually, Techno can't stand sitting and doing nothing and follows that pull in his gut, reaching across the table and pressing his hand to Tommy's forehead.

Tommy stops still, eyes wide, and then he presses into Techno's hand, looking relieved like no one has checked his temperature in ... *years*. Techno winces at the heat radiating from him – *dear God*, he thinks, *this kid is literally sick*.

"Tommy?" Wilbur goes, voice pitched up slightly. "What is – Tech?"

Techno pulls away and opens his mouth, but is cut off by Tommy's desperate whine – as if he's begging for that hand – begging for just that little bit of comfort. Techno thinks he knows the kid well enough by now to know his thought process – especially with that little shine of shame in his eyes – he thinks he's being selfish because he did nothing to earn this. Just this hand.

Techno stands up and comes around the table and immediately puts the hand back and all the team watch as he goes, itching for an answer or waiting to be told what to do as their captain thinks. Tommy's eyes flutter shut again and he's the loosest that Techno's ever seen him, but he's clearly delirious. He wants Tommy to be relaxed with him, *because* of him, but not like this.

"Tech?" Wilbur leans on the table slightly. "He's sick isn't he? Isn't he? What do we do? He's sick, how do we –"

"I can take him to the trainer." George offers instantly.

"He can rest in my room." Sapnap stands, ready to move. "I can get some medicine for him."

"I'm ordering tea," Quackity pulls out his phone, tapping furiously.

Tommy, peels his eyes open. "No. No, I –"

"Tommy?" Techno scoots closer, looking to soothe.

"Got practice soon," he mumbles, "I can't –"

"Tommy, you don't have practice. Your coach is –"

"He'll be mad. He'll be – I've got to –"

“Tommy,” Wilbur’s voice tips lower, opening up in the way that he sounds whenever he talks to Tommy. The way he sounds when he sees a behavior of Tommy’s that reminds him horribly of his own past. “You couldn’t practice like this if you tried. What do you –”

“Do you do this often? Practice when you’re sick?” George cuts off. Wilbur quiets, but not in a way that means he’s upset, the way that he does when he knows that he was about to ramble and maybe tip into weeping. He quiets in a thankful way, because George never cuts a person off unless there is something more important and serious to address.

“I’ve got to.” Tommy mumbles. “I’ve – I can’t stop? What am I if I stop?”

“You, Tommy.” Q whispers fervently. “You’re you. You’re not his, please.”

Tommy turns to Techno, and he knows that whatever his kid says next will destroy him.

“Tech –” he takes a breath, “Techie, please. Please.”

And here, Techno looks at him, his kid, somehow both red and pale and shaking and sweating, cold and hot, looking at him with such broken, begging expression – he knows he’s supposed to make the calls – but here, with this, he can’t even think beyond the rushing in his ears.

One step at a time, Phil’s voice says in his head. *Take problems one step at a time.*

He takes a breath. “Alright, Tommy. Okay.”

Sapnap jerks. “Techno, what? We’re not gonna –”

George is quick and firm, eyes still on Techno. “Shut up, Sapnap.”

“Come on, Tommy – guys.” Techno absently waves his team’s worries. *One step at a time.* “Let me come with you when you get ready, yeah? Just so I can make sure you’re alright.”

Thankfully, Tommy doesn’t have much energy in him to fight, so Techno rises diligently with Tommy. Of course, they’re not alone – Wilbur, full of anxious energy, stands too and grabs Tommy’s half finished water. Tommy goes ahead, and for someone so sick and tired, he walks easily, like nothing is wrong.

Techno lags a bit. “Sap, go get that medicine, alright? Quackity, waters. Schlatt? Tell Phil that Tommy is sick. George, come with us?”

They all go, and the three of them follow Tommy up to his room. George settles against the doorway, crossing his arms and leaning, his expression unreadable, Wilbur flutters about behind Tommy as he gathers his things, and pulls out his skates.

They wait just a little, letting him pull his bag over his shoulder, and all startling when he lists to the side slightly before righting himself. Then, when he steps towards the door, Wilbur slides in front of him, expression one of panic.

“Tommy, please. Please, listen to me. Your coach isn't here, you don't have to practice today. you don't ever have to practice when you don't want to. Not again. Never again.”

Tommy's dazed when he speaks. “I have to – I need – gotta win or –”

“We will still love you if you aren't tiring yourself out with practices that you don't need. We will still love you with silver or bronze or nothing at all. Please believe me, sunlight.”

Tommy's eyes widen, then water. And softly, he goes, “...promise?”

“Tommy, I'd promise you the world if I could. I can't, but I can promise you this – these guys will protect you. I promise that they'll keep you safe.”

Tommy, in the most aching longing and hopeful voice Techno's ever heard, goes, “safe?”

Wilbur nods. “Yeah. yeah, trust me. They did it for me. They'll do it for you.”

This is when Techno steps forward, and Tommy looks at him, eyes like an ocean. He puts a careful hand on Tommy's shoulder. “We will, Tommy. We promise. Please rest.”

Tommy sways closer and then lays his forehead to Techno's slowly rising chest. Techno feels anguish as he carefully curls his arms around Tommy – this is his kid. This is *his* kid.

He can't help the way that he takes personal responsibility for all of them – making sure that they're all okay and keeping a mental list of all the things that they don't talk about but he needs to watch out for – he loves them. It's that simple. He's careful about them. But for the briefest moment he overlooked Tommy's shakiness for anxiety, and his refusal to have a full breakfast for nerves, and mistook the high flush on Tommy's cheeks for embarrassment. He let Tommy sit there, sick, when he should've *seen* – he owes it to Tommy, this protection. Just to show him that he's not as bad as his coach.

“You'll let me rest?” Tommy whispers.

Jesus, he thinks. *Fuck*.

“Of course. Yes. If you're hurt or tired, you don't need to ask to rest. We'll keep you safe, we promise.”

Quackity's peaceful place

Chapter Summary

"Q," Sapnap murmurs. "Lean this way."

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

An insight into Quackity and Sapnap's relationship?

"Q," Sapnap murmurs. "Lean this way."

Quackity's half asleep and tilting. They're on a train, heading to some place to do *something* for press reasons. He knew at one point, and then, after a week of packing and planning and stressing, he decided that he would just trust Phil and Techno to take them exactly where they were meant to be and nowhere else. All he wanted to do was sleep on the way there.

"Hm?"

Sapnap shifts, and Quackity feels a warm arm press against his own. He's leaning closer. Quackity can feel the puff of his breath against his collar. If he opens his eyes, he'll be met with Sapnap's warm hazel, and if that happens, and it holds for just a beat too long, Quackity might do something insane like kiss him.

"You're gonna get a crick in your neck, darling," he whispers. Quackity shivers. "Lean this way. I'm much more comfortable, I promise."

Quackity turns his face away at first, doing his best to hide his slight flush. But then he leans, tilting, moving with Sapnap and curling so his face is tucked into the man's warm neck. Sapnap *is* more comfortable. By a long shot. Quackity could nestle here for forever.

"Okay, Q?" Sapnap asks, and Quackity relishes in being close enough to feel the rumble of his chest as he speaks. "Comfortable?"

"Mh," Quackity goes. Which means *yes*, which means *only with you*, which means *let me stay here for as long as I can*. He hopes that Sapnap doesn't hear all of that. He wants to keep hiding this for as long as he can. "Thank you."

"Yeah." It's short and a bit clipped as if Sapnap's trying to keep his breathing steady. Quackity doesn't question it. He's already back to drifting with the help of Sapnap's dependable warmth.

It's just unfortunate that he's fully asleep by the time Sapnap works up the courage to touch a tiny kiss to his temple.

Chapter End Notes

a tiny little bite sized snack :)

End Notes

leave a question hehe -- I do request that it's one question per comment so if u have more than one question, try to make it more than one comment to its easier for me to write :) ok
Bye

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